WOMAN'S NECKWEAR IS PRETTY AND. ABOVE ALL, VARIED.

The Single or Double Tab Collar Prime Favorite-Heavy Materials Much Embroldered-Handworked Neckwear Stocks Legion-The Ties.

The neckwear problem has assumed intricate and puzzling proportions, and it s a brave woman who can go through a shop and resist the lure of all stocks and scarfs and cravats and turnovers.

Each day brings out new variations on the ordinary themes, and each variation' presents beguiling possibilities. One can get along with few blouses, but no norma woman can to-day be content with fev collars, stocks and scarfs, and the appetite comes with eating-the mania comes with

and even that one division of the subject

First and foremost are the turnovers,

overcasting it so that it will not fray, yet will allow a spring. Of course the collars cut up in front are all right, but the turnover with no opening in front is more or

less of a problem. Many of the new hand wrought collars are not turnovers at all but merely supple-mentary collars with tabbed or pointed fronts. These are usually curved at the top in front. and are worn flat over a foundation or dress collar, or without any sup-

Some of these are made in heavy linen with raised embroidery in white, and these have body enough to hold them up in shape, but the finer ones need some support. The tabs upon many of these flat collars reach almost to the waist and usually broaden toward the bottom.

Turnovers that have an air of much more elaboration than is really theirs, are made from the narrow fancy linen braid used on children's frocks and feather stitched in color. This braid is set together with fagoting of mercerized cotton into

TURNOVERS, TIES AND STOCKS by slashing the inner band just in front and than their less pretentious kindred, and seldom finish a dressy blouse satisfactorily. while they are certainly out of place with a blouse of any other kind.

With the dressy blouse it is necessary that the stock should look like an integral part of the blouse, and as the ready made fussy stocks seldom achieve this effect it is far better to have a stock made to order

to match the blouse. Against the crime of wearing a stock of chiffon lace and light velvet with a dark serviceable tailor blouse, no protest can be too vehement, vet there is a certain type of woman who never seems to grasp the excruciatingly bad taste of this combina-

tion.
Trim, smart tailor stocks of stitched taffeta in black or color have flaring bows or some of the many variations upon the tab finish and are appropriate for wear with tailor blouses and under dainty turnovers more becoming next the face than the dark silk. Very narrow stiff linen turnovers are also used with these stocks and are arranged to button upon them so that

GIFT CIGARS THE WOMEN BUY.

NO MORE PRETTY RIBBON TIED BARGAINS FOR THEM.

They Know the Standard Brands and They Buy Them, Too-Some Wives Even Try to Reform Stogle Smoking Husbands -Their New Tobacco Knowledge.

'That joke's becoming a good deal frayed and frazzled about the kind of holiday cigars wives buy as gifts for their husbands-auction smokes tied up with cute blue baby ribbon, and all that sort of thing," said a cigar dealer. "It's a joke that has been meaningless for a decade, if not more.

"Nowadays, nine women out of ten get the standard brands of cigars, and the best them, for their husbands. Women have become so suspicious of the prettily fixed out boxes of cigars that they won't have even the standard brands done up in that way. They won't even look at smokes wrapped in foil, and they duck the ribbon tied cigars with something ap-

proaching hauteur. "The truth is that men are the only customers for bargain smokes around the holidays, and all through the year, for that matter. A woman will buy her husband a better box of cigars for a gift than he's used to smoking. There was an amusing woman of that sort in here yesterday.

"I want to get a box of cigars, made of sure enough tobacco, for my husband, she said to me. "She said it without a smile, and didn't

appear to be striving to be humorous, and so I was somewhat puzzled. " 'Aren't they all made of tobacco, ma'am?' I asked her.

"' I think not,' she replied, emphatically. 'In fact, I am sure not. You would not maintain, for instance, that stogies are made of tobacco?'

"I had to sidestep that by making an evasive reply.

"'My husband smokes stogies,' she went on, and I am going to try to break him of the habit, even if I have to buy his cigars myself out of my marketing money. It's dreadful to have the flat smelling as if we never had anything to eat in the place except corn beef and cabbage.'

"That was about as hard a wallop for the stogie as I ever heard. Yet there are millionaires in New York, and not stingy ones, either, who smoke stogies only, because there is a certain quality of rankness in the things that makes a hit with them. "There was a woman in here a few days

ago who exhibited a lot of craftiness in buying a box of cigars for her husband. She knew the brand she wanted, a cigar that is manufactured in four sizes. opened a box of the largest size.

" 'You have that cigar in a much smaller size, haven't you?' she asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'but most men like a big eigar, you know, and the smallest size is really not enough cheaper than this size to make it worth while buying the little

" 'Oh, I am not worrying about the price, she said, 'but I do like to get to the theatre once in a while before the first act is over, indeed I do!

"This sounded pretty deep, and I asked her to elucidate. " 'Well,' she said, 'it's this way. My hus band is as fond of big cigars as you say all

men are, and that's just the trouble. 'By the time we finish dinner it is 7:30. Then he lights an enormous cigar. It doesn't make any difference whether we have theatre tickets that night or not, he must and will smoke that huge cigar down to the very point where it begins to burn his fingers before he will start. He stands by his right and privilege to smoke at least one cigar after dinner before going to the

'Well, it's generally about ten minutes past 8 when he finishes his big cigar, and then, even when we rush out of the house helter-skelter for the theatre, we always get there dreadfully late. Altogether, our theatre nights are a mess, just

gether, our theatre nignate at the size in a count of the big cigars my husband will smoke. That's why I am going to try to train him into smoking the little ones.'
"Ingenious woman that, but if her husband doesn't copper her little scheme by smoking two of the small cigars instead of the one big one before starting for the theatre then I don't know anything about "Another woman who came in the other day for a box of cigars for her husband

day for a box of cigars for her husband puzzled me for a minute by asking, in a matter of fact tone, if I didn't have any cigars with sheet metal wrappers.

"Because,' she went on to explain, 'I believe that my husband is the champion cigar smasher of the world. He puts handfuls of cigars into his pockets before leaves. ing the house every morning, and I always find them in flinders in his pockets when he comes home in the evening."
"I told her that I had a mighty select

line of cigar cases in stock and that he couldn't break his cigars if he carried them

I have been trying for years to induce him to earry his cigars in a case, was her reply, 'but it's no use. He says he'd as lief carry a hod of coal downtown as a cigar case. I did overcome his prejudice once. He carried the case filled with cigars around with him for four days, without ever open-ing it. When I found it, on hanging away ing it. When I found it, on hanging away his clothes, I opened the case out of curiosity The cigars in it had been reduced to snuff."

"The bluntest and most businesslike woman I ever waited on, however, came

woman I ever wanted on, however, came in a few days ago.

"I want,' she said, walking determinedly up to the counter, 'a box of 100 of the best and the strongest cigars you have, three nice briar pipes and a couple of pounds of smoking tobacco."

"I showed her the goods, she took my assurances as to their excellence, and then the purchases under her arm and

she put her purchases under her arm and started out. Then she turned and showed the first smile she had exhibited since she

came in.

"'Can you give me a written guarantee,'
she asked me, 'that these things will inaugurate an era of peace in my home?'

"That, too, was too profound for my

"That, too, was too profound for my immediate grasping, but she went on:

"Because I don't know what I shall do unless the white winged dove of peace does flutter into my flat windows pretty soon. My husband suddenly stopped smoking about a month ago, because I tried diplomatically to suggest to him the advantages of confining his home smoking to his smoking room.

"'Our home has been something awful to contemplate since that evening! He mopes and moons around when he comes home from the office without a word. When he's not sitting with his head in his hands, after dinner, he's raging and plunging up and down the flat like a madman or a person with the St. Vitus dance, and the people in the flat beneath have complained several times to the janitor.

several times to the janitor.
"'He tries to read his newspapers upside down and gnaws his mustache until it's a sight He chews gum incessantly, and when a man friend comes in, smoking a cigar, he sits and stares wolfishly at him with scarcely a word during the entire

"I know what ails him, of course. He wants to smoke, but he is too stubborn to go back on his word. I begged him the other evening to jet himself some more eigars and pipes and tobacco and things and to smoke anywhere and all over the

and to smoke anywhere and all over the flat.

"""After the way you jumped on me for smoking in the hall, I wouldn't buy another box of cigars if it was the last act of my life!" he replied, and it only occurred to life!" he replied, and it only occurred to me this morning that perhaps he means that if I bought him the cigars and smoking material it would be all right.
"'Dear me, I hope so. He will find
these things on his smoking room table
after dinner this evening, and if the man
doesn't relent and sit down and smoke

himself black in the face, I don't know what in the world I shall do!"

"A few days after New Year's Day, last holiday season, a very disgusted locking woman walked in here, carrying under her arm a box of pretty good smckes—\$10 straight a hundred—that she had bought from me a few days before as a gift for her husband. Only one of the cigars had been taken from the box.

"'Can you,' she asked me, depositing the cigars in front of me, 'and will you exchange this box of cigars for several boxes of the meanest, commonest, no-accountest two-for-a-nickel cigars that you have in the place?"

"I told her that I thought it would be possible for me to let her have several boxes of inferior smckes for the box of good ones she was turning in."

good ones she was turning in.
"'Why, I asked the woman, 'weren't
these satisfactory?'
"'The

"They were satisfactory enough to me, that has to sit around and breathe my husband's smcke, she replied, but he smcked just the one, and said that, while it seemed pretty fair, it was a whole lot too rich for his blood, and then he went around the corner and got himself a pocketful of the vilest onions—they smelt exactly like onions—imaginable and sat around smck-ing them until midnight, breathing sighs of content of content.

"There's no use in trying to educate that man. He's got more money than he knows what to do with, and he's not close, knows what to do with, and he's not close, either, but I vow and declare that he will go on smoking rope until the last day of his life, in spite of all efforts I make to get him to smoke cigars that will enable visitors to come to the house without sniffing as soon as they enter the door and then running away three minutes later swearing that they've got important engagements!

"Another woman customer who staggered me a lot a while ago—she was stout, middle aged and singularly square jawed—said that she wanted a box of cigars of a certain brand, but they must be very dry and light brand, but they must be very dry and light in color, 'for inhaling,' she added.

in color, 'for inhaling,' she added.
"I got out what she wanted, and then, merely with the idea of making a little pleasant talk, I said to her:
"'But you want to try to induce him to abandon that scheme of inhaling smoke—it's a bad job, and very injurious to the lungs." ungs.'
"She bridled instantly and glared at me

in the most astonishing way.
"'Him?' she said, acridly. 'Who said anything about a him?'
"'Why,' I stammered, 'I understood

"'Why.' I stammered, 'I understood you to say, ma'am, that—er—the cigars were for inhaling, and——'
"'So I did say, young man,' she broke in, 'but I didn't say anything about any him. These cigars are for my own enjoyment, young man, and I don't perceive any good reason why I should make any bones about it, either.'
"She tossed the money for the cigars on the case and strode out, leaving me

on the case and strode out, leaving me squnched to a pulp.

DWARFS AND DWARFS. Two Distinct Classes: Pathological Dwarfs and Descendants of Pygmies.

From the Courier des Etats Unis. Legends are useful, because sometimes they put us on the track of authentic facts. In the Homeric period reference was made to the race of pygmies, and yet nobody believed in their existence. It was only in compara-tively modern times that ignorance had to yield to evidence when races of pygmies were found in Africa and in Asia. In Europe popular myths gave an important rôle to dwarfs and pygmies in England, Scotland and Ireland. In Denmark they were called Kobold; in Germany, Niebelung; and they were referred to in Russia and ever in France as if the legends reflected the distant recollection of populations of little people who really lived in far-off ages. It is now proved conclusively that the ancient popular belief was founded in fact. It links the tradition to its starting point. The race of little people existed almost everywhere.

Numerous skeletons of dwarfs are found

in Egyptian necropoli, in Greek and Roman statuary, in the frescoes of Pompeii and in some ornamental ceramic vases of Roman Gaul. Numerous skeletons of pygmies, mingled with those of men of ordinary stat-ure, have been found in a number of preure, have been found in a number of prehistoric sepulchres. We should also mention
the skeletons of pygmies found in the sepulchres of the neolithic period at the time of
the excavations in Switzerland under the
direction of Miesch and Kollmann. Then
came the discoveries of M. Manourbrier and
of Vacher de Lapouge in Herault, and in the
cases of the Cevennes, and more recently
those of M. Thilemus in Siberia.

It is certain that there existed in remote
ages a race of dwarfs which remained as a
distinct race for a long time. Traces of them
at New Year were the Du Boises, the Van

to New York, would be in the receiving
party at a particular house. Evidently
I succeeded in making a good first impression, for the young lady afterward consented to marry me.

"That was forty years ago, when Bond
and Bleecker streets and Washington
Square were fashionable thoroughfares
and the practice of making New Year calls
was at flood tide. In good society the ebb
set in soon after, as the increasing number
of baskets hung on door bells indicated.

"Among those who kept open house then
at New Year were the Du Boises, the Van the excavations in Switzerland under the direction of Miesch and Kollmann. Then came the discoveries of M. Manourbrier and

are found among the Romans and the Slavs. According to Gulturam of Colmar, these races of dwarfs peopled Switzerland and the whole of lower Alsace, while Miesch and Kollmann claim that they were the primitive people of Europe. The assertion is also made that, inasmuch as traces of pygmies are found in many parts of the world, they probably in many parts of the world, they probably were the advance guard of the present variety of the human race, just as in the case of animals the big came from the little. It was toward the close of the ninth century that all trace of them as a collectivity was lost. Nevertheless, after that period isolated specimens of them were found from time to time, particularly in the different courts of Europe, where they were employed as jestere. At the present time, as everybody knows, dwarfs still exist; but there are dwarfs and dwarfs. Dwarfism, or the diminution more or less remarkable of the ordinary stature, has been of late the subject of important investigation. There is evidently a pathological dwarf. That type has an ensemble of clinical signs, giving him a place set apart for himself. Prof. Poncet of the University of Lyon and M. René Leriche in a very interesting communication to the Academy of Medicine, entitled. "Dwarfs of the Present Time and Dwarfs of Long Ago," have just brought up the question whether among the pathological dwarfs there have not often been erroneously included an important category of dwarfs that should be separated from them, because they belong to nothing in pathology and because in reality they are only very little men, remnants of the ancient race of dwarfs. These isolated specimens come down from prehistoric times. They present the peculiarity of being an ethnical attribute and consequently hereditary, while the only dwarfs considred in medical literature are creatures reduced in all their proportions and whose fundamental character is their inaptness for reproduction.

From this category M. Poncet and M. Leriche separate the ancestral dwarfsm which is determined by the atavic recall of the ancient type of pygmies, a type which disappeared in our regions about the middle of the Christian era. M. Poncet and M. Leriche base their opinion upon two curious observations. They made a study of two creatures, brother and sister, born in a little village on the banks of the river Ain. They are were the advance guard of the present variety of the human race, just as in the case of animals the big came from the little.

If these dwarfs are rarities, it is probably because there is a constant advancement of the human race toward a higher type with the progressive elevation of the stature Little by little the dwarf type fades away; and, no doubt, it will finally disappear

and, no doubt, it will finally disappear completely
In a word, judging by their, frames, by their physical characters, by the heredity of their low stature and by the reproduction of the dwarf through several generations, it appears probable that the two cases studied by M. Poncet and M. Leriche have an ancestral origin and present the living evidence of a race of pygmies that formerly existed on French soil; that is to say, that some dwarfs living to-day may actually be the descendants of the pygmies of old.





endants.

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THE OLD WAY AT NEW YEAR.

CALLING WASN'T SUCH A VERY BAD AMUSEMENT, AFTER ALL.

The Old Bean Says a Good Word for It, and the Single Man Wishes Somebody Would Invent Something as Social and Pleasant for a Dull Day in Town.

"I can't say that I think New York has improved much on the fashion of celebrating New Year's Day," remarked reflectively a New Yorker who fifty years ago was one of the most sought men in town. "There was something doing in the old days, whereas for all the fun it means now New Year's might as well be wiped off the calendar No one, I believe, would care if it was. In other words, New Year's is a bore.

"Some people are inclined to poke fun at the time when making calls was the supreme business of New York men on New Year's, and at the custom which, for the time being, turned private dwellings into hospitable clubhouses presided over by charming women. But they are mostly of the younger generation. I know one thing: we fellows felt pretty important on New Year's Day, if on no other. We got a lot of fun out of it, too." "You don't mean to say," some one re-

marked, "that you enjoyed making New Year calls?"

"Of course we did. It was not the men who stopped the custom. The women were answerable for that.

"As a general thing, I suppose, most men are not keen about making ordinary calls, but New Year calls were something out of the common. They were jollier, more informal. Men had the right of way and were made much of, and in a round of thirty-five or fifty calls a man was pretty sure to meet every man he knew, and he enjoyed that, too. "The occasion was not so tame as one

might imagine-not the least like a pink tea, for instance. And you have no idea how carefully we younger men primped for the part. Once, I remember, I spent for the part. Once, I remember, I spent many anxious moments trying to decide between trousers of a fine black and white check—a style much worn just then—and a pair of light grays, and in choosing my most becoming necktie. My anxiety, I may as well confess, was because I had learned that a certain young lady, a stranger to New York, would be in the receiving party at a particular house. Evidently party at a particular house.

"Among those who kept open house then at New Year were the Du Boises, the Van Burens, the T. B. Bronsons, the Stuyvesants, the Rutherfurds, the Motts, the Remsens, the Anthons, the Cammans, the Doremuses, the Bells, the Peterses, the Aspinwalls, the Renwicks, the Fosters, the Jameses, the Grinnells, the Wendells, the Bacons, the Van Rensselaers, the Coopers, the Hewitts, the De Peysters, the Gerrys, the Pells, the Livingstons, the Jays, the Beekmans, the Duers, the Morrises, the Morrises Jameses, the Grinnells, the wendells, the Bacons, the Van Rensselaers, the Coopers, the Hewitts, the De Peysters, the Gerrys, the Pells, the Livingstons, the Jays, the Beekmans, the Duers, the Morrises, the Fishes, the Delafields, the Emmets, the Heckschers and the Lawrences. And there

were many more, of course.

"What put an end to the custom?

"Well, my wife would say, if the question was put to her, 'Because many women decided that it was encouraging young men to drink more than was good for them;

but I don't believe that was the only reason. Naturally during a round of fifty or more calls men did get away with a lot of drinks—more, I am sure, than any of the present generation could carry, whether because the liquor was purer or not I'm sure I don't know. It never seemed to me though know. It never seemed to me, though, that they were any the worse for it.

"Callers usually went in pairs, and when one got so full that his speech wabbled—which happened quite often—another retired him for repairs. For that reason it was not often that a man came to grief in a

drawing room.
"I remember once, though, when a pal of mine had an awful set back. He was a young fellow and not much of a drinker at any time. I think it was the eggnog that knocked him out that day. It was a that knocked him out that day. It was a drink much served then and about as deadly as it was delicious—which is saying much. Anyway, just after we reached a certain house he got hazy and began whispering sweet nothings to the hostess under the impression that she was her own daughter, to whom he was engaged. As a result of that mistake the engagement was broken. The young man has never tasted eggnog since, and he is a grandfather now.

"Teetotalers among the entertainers? "Teetotalers among the entertainers?
Well, I can't say that I remember any.
I am afraid Carrie Nation, had she been

am atraid Carrie Nation, had she been around in those days, would have been kept uncommonly busy among entertainers in the fashionable district on New Year's."

"Forty years ago and thereabouts." said E. N. Tailer, who still lives in Washington Square, "I never made less than thirty-five calls on New Year's Day, and I enjoyed making them. There was an informality about ing them. There was an informality about the occasion that men liked. In the best houses the spread was very simple indeed, so far as edibles went, and I don't remember that champagne was ever served, although almost every other kind of drink was. In those days champagne was generally reserved for dinners or formal evening func-tions, and seldom or never served on an afternoon.

"Calling hours on New Year's Day were

afternoon.

"Calling hours on New Year's Day were from half past 11 o'clock in the morning till 6 in the afternoon, and again in the evening. Drawing rooms were decorated only with greens and few men dreamed of sending presents of flowers at New Year's, unless there was a particular lady in the case.

"I don't believe any one can quite explain why New Year's calls went out of fashion. To my mind, the reasons are because the city grew so fast and because society of necessity began to break up into eliques. As every one knows, formal invitations were never issued to these New Year receptions. Every man acquaintance of a hostess felt that he was at liberty to call and take with him if he wished a friend who might not be known to her. At that time the plan worked well. Now, however, it would scarcely do so well. What is more, I don't believe the fashion will ever be reinstated in New York.

"Nowadays, when men want to see their feminine friends they call on a Sunday afternoon, a time which women of fashion have set aside for that very purpose, and a concession for which we men are all grateful."

"How do most men spend New Year's now?" was asked of a well known man

"How do most men spend New Year's now?" was asked of a well known man

about town.

"Why, those of us who stay in town hang around the clubs and drink whiskey," was his reply. "If anything, men drink more now on New Year's Day than they eyerdid,

afraid to ring a friend's door bell at New Year's for fear of being put down as old fashioned or a bore, and consequently those of us who hate the country and country houses in winter and matinées at any time of the year are reduced to the club and whiskey drinking for amusement on New

Year's.
"Think of it!"

THE FAME OF SAXIE PIKE, A DEFT MANIPULATOR OF THE BATON.

His Majestic Progress Through Baltimore Streets in War Time When His New Hampshire Regiment Seemed to Be in Trouble-Burled With Honors.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Dec. 24.-Francis Harvey Pike, or Saxie, as he was more generally known, died in this city the other day. He was one of the most celebrated drum majors this country ever knew. His fame extended even to Canada and he was the feature of parades in many cities.

It was during the war that Saxie won his spurs. He went to the front with Baldwin's cornet band from this city and was with the First New Hampshire regiment when it passed though Baltimore in April, 1861. Only a few days before, the Sixth Massachusetts regiment had had an encounter with rebel sympathizers and several Northern soldiers had been killed. The feeling was intense and it was feared that the Granite State boys would have trouble on the march through the city.

The crowds lining the streets were menacing, but Major Pike, in all the glory of his uniform, strode ahead of the column, swinging his baton from right to left and shouting, "Stand back there. Every gun is loaded with bullets. Stand back."

The troops passed safely through the mob, and not a shot was fired. When the New Hampshire men reached Washington, as they were passing by the President's quarters they were ordered to halt. The big drum major was invited inside and Vice-President Hamlin treated him to a bottle of champagne as a reward for his brave front during the passage through the streets of Baltimore.

Pike used to travel about with the famous Amoskeag Veterans, whose Continental uniforms always attract attention when they parade. He accompanied this organiza-tion on its notable trip to Washington years ago and received a rousing ovation.

He used to say that to be a first-class drum major a man must naturally be a dude, and when he donned his regimentals dude, and when he donned his regimentals he always saw to it that his appearance was as imposing as possible. People all over the country will remember him as he used to look marching ahead of some famous band, the cynosure of all eyes because of his size, his majestic appearance and command of his baton.

The major never allowed himself to be outdone as a baton manipulator. On one occasion, while at the head of a crack band

HE WASA FAMOUS DRUM MAJOR he was preceded by an English regiment which also boasted a crack band and a particularly skilful drum major.

ticularly skilful drum major.

It didn't take Saxie long to see that his reputation was at stake and he determined that the American should not be beaten by the Britisher. He bided his time, marching at the head of his band with all the dignity and poise he could command, but keeping his eye all the while on the Englishman further up the line.

At last he saw his chance. A flag hung across the street. The English drum major when he came to it tossed his baton deftly into the air so that it touched the emblem, and when the stick came down caught it neatly and continued on his way. The feat won loud applause.

won loud applauss.
Saxie's eye sparkled. Soon he, too, came under the flag. Then suddenly and with little apparent effort he sant his gold. tipped baton aloft with such force that it entirely cleared the flag rope and came down on the other side of the flag.

He deftly caught the stick as it descended and, it is said, never missed a beat. The crowd had to award him the palm and did so with the spontanetry of which a Canadian so with the spontaneity of which a Canadian

crowd is so capable when pleased.

In late years Saxie occasionally did a little canvassing from house to house, sellintic canvassing from house to house, seli-ing a certain stove polish. It often hap-pened that the good housewife would not be in need of stove polish, and perhaps would reply somewhat uncivilly to his respectful greeting. Saxie never lost his dignity on such occasions, but would draw himself up to his full height and exclaim: "Madam perhaps you do not know who I

"Madam, perhaps you do not know who I am. I am Saxie Pike."

He was buried with the full honors accorded by the Grand Army to a dead comrade, and the band marched to the cemetery without a drum major.

Wounded by Bullet From Fireplace. From the Baltimore Herald.

Charles Miller, 29 years old, boss of the Wabash railroad camp at Gwynn's Falls and Wilkens avenue, was shot in the right side yesterday morning by a small cartridge yesterday morning by a small cartridge which had been carelessly thrown in a fire nearby and which exploded. He was taken to the Franklin Square Hospital. His condition is serious. The accident occurred in a tee, house. A fire was burning in a large open fireplace at one end of the shanty, Standing about the gate were three men. A workman entered and requested an order for pick handles. Miller was about to go with the men to the blacksmith shop to have the picks stamped before using them when an explosion occurred in the fireplace.

One of the men remarked to Miller that he had better look out. Miller laughed and replied that he wasn't afraid. Suddenly another report was heard and Miller, placing his hand to his side, exclaimed:

"I am shot!" He walked over to the kitchen, a distance of ninety feet, and fell unconscious.

Adapting Things to His Condition. "What's your idea in beginning with pid and eating your dinner backward?" "My stomach's upset."-Cornell Widow.



sometimes appear upon these sets in sheer

For example, a deep turnover of sheeres white, opened both front and back, has is not sold as readily as is the deep turnover its edge finished by a narrow hemstitched



hem, above which is embroidered a row of tiny blue fleurs-de-lis. But, as a rule, the colored embroidery is reserved for the heavy sets, and the sheer sets are in all white, with much elaboration in the line of

hand embroidery, fagoting, &c.
Sets almost solid with finest French hand embroidery bring appalling prices, and any number of the hand worked sets cost from \$7 to \$10, yet seem to find a ready sale.

White with black embroidery is popular and for elderly women or women in black,



white collars and cuffs with narrow black hems attached by fagoting are fash-

One point about the turnover is trying to the soul of the wearer and it is odd that no effort has been made to remedy the fault. Almost all of the stocks or dress collars over which the turnovers will presumably be worn are curved out in front for comfort sake. The turnovers are



collar embroidered

have gone by.

Severe mannish ties are often worn with

these collars, but the preference is for soft scarfs, and the day of masculine feminine

attire seems, at least for the moment, to

A bewildering array of scarfs in soft

silk and in crepe is offered, and these are

either tied in a loose bow knot with long

floating ends or tied once in a small bow

knot and then knotted loosely again at the

bust line. Many of the crêpe scarfs are

fringed, and a few of the silk scarfs also

have fringed ends, but the prettiest of the

silk scarfs for ordinary wear are in foulard

Dark blue and light blue is a favorite

combination, dark blue with a design in

white and black, in white and red, or in

white and light blue is popular; red scarfs

have white and black designs, and there

are daring combinations of dark blue, white,

black and orange, which might be most

The silk stocks are legion, and an attempt

to describe them would be futile. Hand

effective with certain blouses.

or a very supple surah with bandanna, scroll or dot designs in contrasting color.

cut straight and the result is that the turn- work is, of course, the keynote of the more over invariably musses sadly just in front. lelaborate type, but these fussy silk or chiffon Some slight improvement may be wrought and lace stocks are much less practical

there need be no annoying pinning. Tailor stocks of plaid taffeta, piped with white, are among the new things and are very attractive when worn with a plain blouse in one of the colors predominating

in the plaid. A set of little gold or jewelled cuff and

AFTER A HARD DAY'S SHOPPING Two Young Women Balance Their Cash in a Broadway Car.

with stocks and turn-overs.

Two young women, sisters apparently who, after a day of Christmas shopping. were now riding home in a Broadway car, were trying to make their cash balance. The one that carried the purse had a

memorandum of everything they had bought, and they had totalled that and counted their cash, and it didn't come out. They were a dollar and something over; and they couldn't rest satisfied until they

had found where the mistake was. And so they went all over everything again, the memorandum and the cash and their recollections of where they had

been and what they had bought. They talked in a low tone, intended for themselves alone, but other passengers in the car heard the conversation between them, more or less perfectly, and some of them became greatly interested. "They are 23 cents to the good," one woman said in a whisper to another.

"No," said the other, "they are \$1 short."
And other passengers sitting near, including one man at least, had apparently cluding one man at least, had apparently an equal interest in the figuring, though these other passengers said nothing.

Meanwhile the purse-bearing sister kept on with her totalling up and counting, and trying hard to think. And presently a light beamed on her countenance.

"I have it," she said, in a tone a little leader than before.

I have it, she said, in a tone a little louder than before.

And it seems that she had returned something somewhere and got the money back for it, and had forgotten to enter this amount to the credit side of the cash acceptable.

That just makes it come out," she said to her sister, triumphantly, but this in a lower tone than that in which she had before spoken, and these last words were not quite caught by another woman passenger who sat on the same side of the car and next to the speaker's sister, and who now leaned forward slightly and

asked:
"Did it come out all right?"
"Exactly!" was the smiling reply, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all those sitting near, and then everybody settled back satisfied.

Why the Lawyer's Wife Got New Dresses. From the Kansas City Journal. The lawyers at Iola were swapping yarns the other day during a recess in the district court. A lawyer whose wife is marked for her good dressing told how he had come to be such a good provider. Soon after he was married his wife met a girlhood friend. The friend said to her that she wasn't as well dressed as she used to be before marriage.
"Oh, you are mistaken," said the wife, "I am wearing the same clothes I did then."

Farmers All Rich in Texas. From the Washington Post.
"There was never a time in the history of our State when the farmers had as much money as state when the farmers had as much money as as they possess this year," said C. K. McClure of Brenham, Tex., at the Riggs House. "Hereto-fore only a minority of our agriculturists have been able to boast of having ready cash, but this year a large per cent. of them are in funds. Another thing is that our farmers are beginning to use the banks, instead of putting their cash in old stockings or hiding it away in secret places; they are going to their county seats and depositing it in banks as business men ordinarily do This has in banks as business men ordinarily do fins has much to do with the big showing our financial institutions are making. Their deposits are far ahead of what they used to be, and the deposits of many small country banks make an aggregate that is astonishing."